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<p>FOURTH STREET AND HINTON AVENUE</p>		

The Porcupine

Devoted to the Football
and Basketball Interests
of the School



November 1905



THE FOOTBALL SQUAD

The Porcupine

VOL. XII.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1905

NO. 3

Prudent People Purchase Prickly Porcupines

Her Honor at Stake

"I don't see why I was not gifted with a head for mathematics," sighed Marion Kelly disconsolately, as she sat on the basement floor with her chin in the palms of her hands and her elbows resting on her knees. The circle of rumpled-haired, blue suited girls who surrounded her sighed also. They were resting after a practice game, waiting to go out for the second half and seemed to be vainly arguing with their determined captain, for whom their admiration was evidently unbounded. "What has 'math' to do with a basketball game?" inquired a pert freshman who had entered just in time to hear the captain's last remark.

Seven pairs of eyes of various hues and sizes were turned simultaneously upon the newcomer, who felt a little abashed under the close scrutiny she received.

"Well, I will tell you, and then you will know," said Marion with a glance at her devoted supporters. "You see I have been giving a great deal of time to basketball this term, and an equally small amount to geometry, and as I never could get the stuff, my record has been sinking lower and lower. So last Friday Miss Hall called me into her room at recess and told me that she and Mr. Jordan had decided that if I wished to keep on with my geometry I must take an 'ex' on the following Monday. Well, she was a perfect dear about it, and I could have hugged her on the spot when she had finished her little talk, so, on the inspiration of the moment, I promised that if I did

not pass satisfactorily I would refrain from taking part in the game next Saturday. Of course I simply crammed all day Saturday and Sunday, and even gave up the dance Saturday evening, because, though I wanted dreadfully to go, I wished still more to be able to play in the big game. Of course I got rattled at the last moment when Sue Cameron told me that the game would be lost if I did not play. I was quite composed up to that point, but that information completely took my breath away, and with it my carefully memorized supply of theorems and axioms. All I could see during that fatal hour was the blue and gold going down to defeat for the very first time in my captaincy; and I the cause of it all! You can imagine the result. I failed miserably, and now I cannot play, for all the basketball games in the world could not induce me to break my word to Miss Hall, especially when she was so sweet to me!"

"Oh! Marion, I'm sure she will release you from your promise. Won't you beg her to do it?" came the disconsolate wail for the twenty-fifth time from the faithful six.

"Don't ask me again girls," said Marion bravely, "I simply cannot do it," and it was only the utmost fortitude which prevented the blue-eyed captain from dissolving into tears. But her appeal silenced them, and when she said, "Come on girls; we must not lose any time. The game is only three days off and I want to help you all I can," they followed her out onto the field, each with an unspoken determination to see Miss Hall for herself and plead for Marion's liberation. In accordance with this resolution, each made an effort to reach school before the others next morning, for naturally each believed she could influence Miss Hall, and wanted all the praise for herself in case she was successful.

The object of so much scheming and trepidation was herself early that morning. She was glancing again over Marion's papers, searching in vain to find any trace

of thought or careful preparation. Only two of the five problems were answered, and while one was correct, the other was far from it. "What I blame most in her," thought the perplexed little teacher, "is the utter lack of ambition that this paper shows. She has not even tried to work the other three problems, and although I think a great deal of the girl, I cannot let this pass. It seems odd," she observed as she restored the papers to a notebook, "that one page is numbered one and the other three, but I suppose she was just nervous and mixed the numbers, for I am almost sure I saw but two pages."

At that moment a curly head was poked in at the door, and in response to Miss Hall's cherry "Come in Dorothy," the head was followed by its pretty owner, who advanced to the desk where few had received censure and many praise. The newcomer was preparing to plunge immediately into the subject uppermost in her mind, when a second head appeared in the doorway, and Allison Graham joined the two. She was equally as surprised as Dorothy at the meeting and each found herself wishing the other anywhere but there. In the uncomfortable pause which followed, a third visitor entered the room, and before long six embarrassed girls stood before Miss Hall. In a second she divined their purpose, and her merry face became grave. "I am very sorry girls; but I want to beg of you not to request of me what you have come to ask, for it is utterly out of the question to consider Marion's papers; and as she has given her word of honor that she will not play, I cannot release her from it, and it depends on her, not me, whether she will keep it or break it, and I will say right here that Marion Kelly is not the kind of a girl who will break her word under any consideration."

Without a word the downcast six filed mournfully out, and Dorothy Allen voiced the sentiments of all when she said: "We may just as well prepare for defeat, for it is simply impossible to win without Marion."

From Wednesday morning until late Friday night the

undaunted Marion worked with a will, putting her whole soul into her efforts to coach the new captain and to strengthen the team. "Now girls," was her parting injunction, "you go straight home and stay there until half past one tomorrow. I shall make all the arrangements for you so you need not worry about that; but you will probably not see me tomorrow afternoon for I am afraid that if I go the temptation to play will be too great for me to resist."

Two o'clock Saturday afternoon arrived, and with it came a crowd of enthusiastic rooters, a blare of tin horns, a waving mass of blue and gold and orange and black streamers and pennants, a force of referees, linemen, time and score keepers, and lastly, the cynosure of all eyes, fourteen anxious, excited girls, each in her place, every muscle tense, every gaze concentrated on the sphere held in the hands of the referee. A shrill whistle, the ball was tossed into the air and sent spinning toward the enemy's goal by the tall captain, and the game had fairly begun. A rush, a scramble, a slip, a slide, and four girls piled up on top of the ball. Again the annoying whistle, a second's pause, a jump, a shove and it was landed in the home goal. A vain trial for the basket, a clapping of hands, and away it went into hostile territory. A skillful field throw and the visiting team had scored two; a foul made by the home team, allowing a free throw, added one more point. Again the skillful captain sent the ball toward her goal, and again Marion's seven, with sinking hearts counted "5 to 0 in their favor." For fifteen minutes the struggle waged unceasing, and when time was called for the first half, and the rush for the dressing rooms had been made, when lemon sucking and tear shedding had begun in earnest, it was a weary, disheartened set of girls that found itself in the dressing room whose door bore the blue and gold. "If only Marion were here I would not care." "If they were not so mean about it." "They are regular 'pumpkin rol-

lers' as the boys would say, and do their best to hurt us." "Did you see that big center try to trip Margery?" "Well, I did, and I gave her such a look that I'm sure she felt cheap." Back and forth went the comments and criticisms, sympathies and encouragements, until a sudden pounding on the door silenced the babel of voices. "It is I; let me in quick." In a second the door was flung open, and in dashed the jubilant Marion with joy written on every feature. "Oh! girls; I just could not resist the temptation to come today and about the middle of the first half when Miss Hall arrived, I went over to sit by her and show her that I had no hard feeling, and what do you think she said the minute she saw me? She said she had been looking everywhere for me; that she had overlooked one of my papers on which I had correctly worked three problems, and that gave me a satisfactory record and relieved me of my promise. Isn't that grand? I wanted to rush right into the game but knew of course that I could not, and it has seemed simply ages since the minute she told me. Why, yes, certainly I will play this half, and I can prophesy what the score will be in fifteen minutes more." The shower of tearful embraces and scarcely intelligible questions that followed this breathless announcement so retarded her progress the whistle blew just as she had finished donning her suit. As she sallied forth on the field at the head of six rejoicing girls, she was greeted with a chorus of yells that sent the blood tingling through her veins. For a second all was silent as the referee tossed the ball; then as Marion's quick arm sent it spinning toward the home goal, pandemonium in the form of shrieks and tootings broke loose and continued throughout the whole of that memorable quarter of an hour. The wearers of the orange and black saw from the first that a hard struggle was before them. Consequently they put forth all their strength and when they saw that failing, resorted to unfair means. As Marion made a sudden spring after the ball, a sly foot was

quickly thrust in front of her, and down she crashed to the floor. In a minute she was up again, and though she vowed she was unhurt she held her hand behind her, and the girl who had caused her fall maliciously laughed when she saw the broken thumb. The game went on as if nothing had happened, but Marion, almost overcome at times with the pain from her hand, dimly wondered if they could raise the score from four to six before time was called.

Ten minutes had passed; five minutes left and still no gain on either side. The visiting girls began to look relieved; the home team to grow anxious. What could be the matter with Marion? She seemed to have lost all her strength and energy, and more often hindered than assisted her fellow players. "Three minutes more," whispered the timekeeper as she flew by him; and steadied by the warning, with one superhuman effort she threw the ball toward the home goal and straight into the basket. She hardly heard the clamor that followed, barely felt the hugs of admiration or saw the ominous looks on the angry faces of her opponents, which boded ill for the victors. The one thought in her mind was the remaining two minutes and the possibilities that might become realities in that brief space of time. A word or two rallied the girls, and away they dashed in a mad scramble for the elusive ball, only to be brought up short by the shrill whistle and the dread word "foul." Marion's heart sank as she saw the umpire of the visiting team pass the ball to one of the goalers, for she knew that no foul had been made, and that the referee had merely given in rather than to waste time in discussing over the injustice of the act. As the girls took their place every one in that vast assemblage held his breath. A pause, a careful measuring of the distance, and the ball rose into the air, balanced itself on the edge of the basket—and then went in. The score stood six to six. A wild shout of triumph from the orange and black megaphones announced

the success to Marion who had stood with eyes averted, hoping for the best, yet fearful of the worst.

"We're lost, we are lost," wailed Dorothy at her side, but Marion's quiet "One minute may change all" restored her self control.

"Girls, we must make this minute count," she said significantly, and back into the play they went for the final tug of war. As the captain was sadly relinquishing her last hope, into the home basket went the ball—and time was called.

The uproar that followed was deafening. Spectators crowed onto the field, surrounding the victors and congratulating the favorites. Marion, the center of all admiration, neither wept nor fainted as might have been expected, for before she could collect her thoughts she unresistingly felt herself lifted to the shoulders of the faithful six and borne off the field in triumph.

The Porcupine extends its heartfelt sympathy to Miss O'Arara in her sorrow over the death of her mother.

A Sacrifice for a Victory

"Do you think we will win tomorrow?"

"I'll wager we do, and Peters will do his share."

"If he gets the chance."

"What's to hinder him?"

"Haven't you heard? Griggs put him on as a sub."

"Say, this is outrageous."

The above conversation took place between two students of the Hatton High School on their way home one Friday afternoon. The next day was the day of the great football game between the Hatton team and the St. George team.

Griggs was the captain of the Hatton team. He had been, without a doubt, their star man, until Peters came. Peters came from another State. He had not been in Hatton long, but long enough to let the Hattonites discover that he could play football. He had played in the game with Samford and played his part of left half well. Griggs became jealous. He thought—We will win the St. George game, but the honors will lie between Peters and myself. I must make the star play. Still Peters has as good a chance as I. Why not put him out of the way? I have it. I will make him sub, with the excuse that Simpson is the better player. So it came about that Simpson was to play left half and Peters was to play sub.

Peters felt pretty blue, but Billy Simpson was his friend and he would not object. Simpson surmised how Peters felt and sympathized with him. Do not feel downcast, old man. I know it was a mean way to serve you, but still you have a chance. You should have raised a howl at first and I know everyone would have stood by you. What if I should be laid out in the first down?"

"But you must not. I could not stand for anything like that. Play your game and show them what you can do."

The great day arrived. The game had been scheduled

for 2:30 sharp. By 2 the bleachers were filling up and the rooting clubs of the rival schools were hurling back and forth complimentary (?) epithets.

The two respective teams entered the field and began signal practice. "Where is Simpson?" demanded Griggs. "Hasn't showed up yet. Guess he'll be along pretty soon." "Peters you can take his place till he comes. I'm sorry he is not here though."

Two-thirty came around and still no Simpson. Hatton got the kick-off. The referee gave the signal to line up. Peters was obliged to take Simpson's place. Before five minutes had passed each team realized that it had met its equal. The bleacher-folk realized this as well. Despite all their hollowing, rooting and yelling, and despite splendid work on the part of both teams, the first half ended with the score 0-0.

Each team entered the second half with a strong determination to win. Near the end of the half St. George kicked the ball into Hatton territory, and proceeded to keep it there. Hatton failed to make her yards in the first two downs, and the quarter gave the signal for a punt. Green, left tackle, kicked an excellent one. It was high and gave the Hatton ends plenty of time to get under the ball. St. George's quarter fumbled and Hatton fell on the ball. One would have thought an insane asylum had been turned loose. Hatton yelled herself hoarse. "That's the dope, fellows. Show 'em what you can do if you want to. Remember what you are made of and where you came from," came from the sidelines. Peters' heart jumped. It was Simpson. "Give me a chance, old boy," he said as he passed the ball to the quarter. "Y-B-I-D-S," was Griggs' signal for a buck. After the scrimmage, "Second down and four yards to gain," came from the referee. "I-R-S-T-N," Peters, signal for an end run. "Now is my chance," flashed through his mind. He made the end clear and struck on down the field. The St. George quarter was the only man

before him. Hatton's full was at his side. Peters let him take the lead. The St. George quarter and the Hatton full collided and they both fell. The field was now clear and Peters reached the goal line about thirty seconds before the whistle blew. The Hatton rooters seemed to get over their hoarseness very suddenly. Hats went in the air and megaphones were battered to pieces on seats, heads or anything. They quieted down for a moment waiting for Griggs to kick. The pigskin soared gracefully over the crossbar and the yelling and rooting began again.

Griggs and Peters were carried away on ready shoulders and as they were borne through the crowd, a new yell greeted them, composed on the spot:

St. George says we can't beat her
But we've got both Griggs and Peters
And we will show her how to play football.

They were borne to the gymnasium, the rest of the team and about half of the students following along behind. Here Peters met Simpson. "Billy," he said, "you can't imagine what you have done for me this afternoon. How can I ever square myself with you?"

"Just keep your mouth shut, that's all. It was not anything to do. I knew you could and would win the game for us and I wanted to show Griggs that he was not the only stayer on the field as he expected to be by keeping you out. He was prompted by jealousy, nothing else. Anyone would have done the same thing for you but Griggs."

"And he would do it now," Griggs broke in. He had been standing unobserved listening to their conversation.

"Billy is right. That was just my motive in trying to keep you from the game. But now I am glad I did not succeed. Billy, you have made a noble sacrifice today, but it has been for a victory. Peters, old boy, I have learned a lesson today and I want you to forgive me."

"Shake."

The Little Teacher

(Continued from October Number)

The three women, now thoroughly alarmed, looked searchingly up and down the bank and halloosed, but only the heavy falling of the rain answered their call.

"They must have rowed down the river to the big rock," said Mrs. Casey. "The boys might be able to protect themselves and swim to shore when the storm is over; but the little children—O, my poor little Dora, and Mrs. Brown's Dick and Dannie; whatever has become of them?" And the frail little woman wrung her hands wildly and helplessly.

A flat boat of comparative size was lying in the river a few yards up, and to this Hester directed her attention.

"This would carry all the children," she said, addressing her more composed companion. "If we could loosen it I know how to manage it down the river, with your assistance. I lived near the water for years. We must find the children."

Her earnest, hopeful words inspired courage in the two women and in a short time they were well on their way down the river. The rain blinded them and their clothes were drenched. The heaviest part of the task depended on Hester, but thanks to the athletic training of her college days, her strong young arms, backed by energy and persistence, overcame all obstacles.

At a sharp turn in their course something large and dark loomed up before them, dimly outlined in the mist. "It is the big rock," said Mrs. Carey. "We will have to be careful to go around it. Her explanation was cut short by a joyous cry from Hester.

"The children, don't you see them, all huddled together on the rock."

All eyes were turned to the rock. There they were, a pitiable looking sight, all wet and miserable and fear-

ful of what their fate might be. The women were obliged to halt some distance away from the rock, and as the rain had momentarily ceased Hester shouted clearly across the water: "All of you who can swim come here to the boat and the rest remain quietly where you are."

The older boys and girls, accustomed to adventurous undertakings, reached the boat without difficulty, but the three little children remained holding out their hands and weeping piteously.

Mrs. Carey was, with difficulty, prevented from plunging into the water after her child, but all knew that any attempt on her part would be useless in her present agitated condition. The boys hesitated, and then Hester, giving up her place to one of them, and waving her hand to the children with an "I'm coming" swam to the rock. Three times she swam back and forth, and when the last child was safe, she herself, wet and trembling, was drawn into the boat.

With the assistance of the boys the raft was then taken to the nearest bank and the wet but thankful group walked homeward.

From the explanation of the boys, now thoroughly ashamed of their adventure, it seemed that the old boat had begun to fill with water as they approached the rock so they had all scrambled upon it and had thus been found. But they received no reproach from their brave deliverer. The next morning when little four-year-old Nellie Skead, according to her usual custom, tapped at Hester's door and asked if she might come in and talk to her, she received no cheery response. Impatient at the silence the child opened the door and advanced boldly into the room and shaking Hester gently told her to "wake up, 'tos its dettin' late and the sun's way up al-ready."

Hester wearily opened her eyes and looked at the little girl. "Run away Nellie," she said, after a moment.

"I can not play with you this morning. Tell your mamma that I do not feel well."

Nellie gazed reproachfully at her new friend who she thought had so soon deserted her, and reluctantly carried the message to her mother.

The work and exposure of the day before, together with the nerveous strain of the past two weeks had been too much for Hester and for many weeks the little school house, with doors closed, stood unoccupied.

When motherly Mrs. Skead found that she had a fever stricken patient to deal with, she immediately dispatched her husband for the nearest doctor, fourteen miles away. Owing to the great distance and the rough country roads, the latter's visits were few and far between, but he shook his head gravely whenever he did come. "She is all run down," he replied to Mrs. Skead's anxious questioning. "The wetting did not hurt very much, but her nerves have been strained too far."

However, the good woman's careful nursing was effective and finally the danger was over, but convalescence was accompanied by a strange listlessness that boded ill to any hope of recovery. The fact was that during these weeks of illness Hester had magnified her troubles so much and had pondered over her failure to win the esteem of her pupils, until she felt that really there was no place for her in the world and that perhaps it would have been better if she had never opened her eyes again that night when the anxious watchers had hovered around her bedside.

One morning Mrs. Skead came bustling into the room and, throwing open the blinds, permitted a flush of sunshine to come in and flush the pale cheeks of her patient.

"Well, well, Miss Shaw," she said cheerily, "I do believe you are getting well. I will have to make you get up in the morning and try to walk around. I have just sent those troublesome children away. They have been coming here two or three of them every day since you

have been sick, and this morning they all came in a body and just begged to see you, but of course, I knew you would not want to see them."

"The children," said Hester, with a look of interest unusual during the last few weeks, lighting up her face. "Have my pupils come to see me?" "Come to see you," replied Mrs. Skead smiling, "That is not all they have done. Why they have painted the school house, and the girls have decorated the walls with pictures and made things so pretty up there that you won't know it when you see it. Dick Cross says that if you ever get back to school he will thrash the first boy who dares to disobey you. He says he is going to college as soon as he is ready for it, because he has found that education does not make people lose their courage and strength, but rather increases those qualities. O, those boys have had a good lesson. I hear them now. They could not have gone home after all."

"O, do tell them to come in," cried Hester. "I want to see them: it will not hurt me, and anyway I am well."

Mrs. Skead smiled knowingly, and opening the door beckoned to the boys and girls assembled outside. They walked in one after another, timidly and softly, armed with wild flowers of every glowing hue, and pouring their treasures about Hester, waited for her to speak.

She talked as she had never talked before, for the look in each face told her that she had succeeded, that she had won the love of her pupils.

"Will you come back and teach us again," asked some one anxiously. "We want you and we will do anything for you, but please, please don't go away."

"Certainly I am coming back," announced Hester briskly. "I would not go away for anything in the world. I love to be with you," and as she spoke every eye in the room turned to her with a look of enduring love, loyalty and admiration for their brave little teacher.

Her Hope Realized

Albert McDonald, or "Mac" as he was familiarly called by his schoolmates, was a freshman at Trenton College, having entered that institution in September.

As the football season approached he had signified his intention of trying for the team. He had had some "prep" experience, yet his knowledge of the game was limited.

After lengthy coaching he had been placed as first substitute for left end. In this position he had played fairly good ball in the few practice games. But in the big game with Colton barely ten days away Fuller, the fast left end, had been injured, causing his retirement from the game for the rest of the season and it rested on "Mac" to fill the vacancy.

The morning of the big game arrived, but the enthusiasm which marks a big day was lacking at Trenton. Everywhere crowds of boys with drawn and disappointed faces were standing around speaking in mournful tones for Fuller, the star of the team, was out of the game and his place was to be filled by a freshman. It would have been different if the sub were anything else, but how could any one place any faith in a freshie.

The Colton crowd arrived in Trenton at 10:30 and at 1:30 were at the grounds, where already the Trenton eleven and a large number of rooters were awaiting.

With the whistle of the referee the game began. From the start Trenton was sorely weak on the defense and almost as bad on the offense and the Colton rooters were hilarious. McDouald had failed miserably. Time and again he had let his man through on what was apparently an easy tackle. Twice he had fumbled and the captain and coach were talking of replacing him. Not.

withstanding this, Colton had been unable to score because of numerous fumbles.

Down near the south goal one might have seen a pretty girl of the blond type, gaily dressed for the occasion, waving in her hands a crimson banner bearing in white letters, "TRENTON." Her face was flushed with excitement. Her name was Helen Parker. She was a particular friend of McDonald's. She it was he took to all of the dances and she had accompanied him to the game and had encouraged him on his departure. Now he was failing and she saw it and was disappointed. "Oh! she thought to herself, "I know he will do something to retrieve himself." But little hope had she of this. It was only a wish.

However, on the next down something happened. The ball was in Colton's possession on the twenty-five-yard line and there were thirty seconds left to play. On the first down the ball was fumbled and was bouncing toward the sidelines with half a dozen eager men ready to spring on it. Mac siezed the opportunity and grasping the ball flew around the end; then with a clear field before him he sped for the goal amid the shouts of his supporters and the shrieks of dismay from the Colton side.

He ran—indeed he had never ran so before—followed by the tall, swift half of the opposing side, Shaler, who had made a name for himself as a sprinter. Shaler seemed to be gaining. The twenty, then the ten-yard line was passed and the five was reached. Mac, at last, was losing heart. It seemed that he must fail. But Shaler was likewise weakening, and with a last mighty effort he fell over the line with the winning and only touchdown of the day. Then the whistle blew. Nor was that fall by his own action for he had been tackled by Shaler, who had overhauled him in the goal, and he had made a touchdown by a scant six inches.

The Trentonites were uproarious. Mac was picked up and placed upon the shoulders of the tumultuous

crowd and carried triumphantly down the field. But more to him was the simple wave of that crimson banner from Helen which betokened her admiration and pleasure, that the cheers of his schoolmates, for her hope had been realized and it showed itself in that wave of girlish delight.



Autumn Winds

Blow, O ye merry winds! blow, O ye ye cherry winds!
Rattle the red leaves in showers from the bough!
Sweep them and toss them! O, whirl them and cross them,
Frolicsome Autumn winds, hail to you now!
O, yes, ye blith winds, I will be your playfellow!
Ye have blown all my gloom and my dark care away!
I'll fling high my cap and, with many a halloo
We'll frolic and dance thro' this bright holiday!
Away to the woods where the brown nuts are falling,
O'er the broad field where the goldenrod bends!
Thro' dale and thro' dell, while the echoes are calling,
We'll laugh and we'll shout till the happy day ends!
Yes, blow thro' my hair as ye list, jolly comrade!
Yes, blow up my sleeves and my jacket toss wide!
Thou and I are as free as a wild ocean billow!
O' thy sports please me more than all others beside!


B.,06.

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All personals, stories, literary articles and items of interest to this paper should be sent to The Porcupine, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Our fall sessions of Congress are about to begin and with them comes an opportunity that no high school student can afford to neglect, an opportunity not only to acquire proficiency in public speaking, but also to become acquainted with some of the great social problems which are being considered by our greatest statesmen and our deepest thinkers.

Debating being voluntary on the part of the speaker the subject of discussion is studied in an entirely different attitude from the majority of our studies. We often fall into the habit of studying with no other object in view than our own records, and while we wish in no way to disparage the present system of monthly reports, yet

we believe that the student should have a larger goal view.

There being no records given for debate, and debating being entirely voluntary on the part of the speaker, the subject is studied in no other light than to gain the most possible information from it, and subjects studied in this way are the ones from which we derive the most benefit.

The annual debating cup which was presented to the school a few years ago has caused a reviving interest in this department.. This year we hope for a strong team, and as many new students have expressed themselves as desiring to debate there is no reason why this year should not witness the best annual debate the school has ever had.

Heretofore we have always placed exchanges where they might be read by the students, but lately we have found them with leaves torn out, covers defaced, and otherwise mutilated and the management has decided to withdraw them, for a time at least. The management has no objection whatsoever to the students reading these exchanges, but when we find them treated as though they were of no value to anyone we then consider it time to interfere.

The members of the basket ball team desire to publicly express their appreciation of iss O'Meara's and Miss Olive Dickson's efficient coaching, without which any success which the team has or may attain would be impossible.



Basketball in the Santa Rosa High School

While glancing over a recent publication of Women's Rules for Basket Ball I was struck with the large number of girls' basket ball teams that were pictured between the covers of the pamphlet. There were big girls and little girls, younger girls and older girls, girls from the east, girls from the west, girls of high and low estate, all sorts and conditions of girls. The girls from our greatest girls' colleges—Smith and Wellesley, the girls from New York's most fashionable finishing school—Agoutz, girls from the high schools of the slumdistricts of all the great cities, these were all there to illustrate how widespread is the interest in this most valuable form of exercise.

It would be safe to conclude that there must be something of particular value in a game that is so thoroughly established in different educational institutions in our land. To those in Santa Rosa who have played it its value is unquestioned. It is to those who have not played it that its value should be made manifest.

More than a decade has passed since this valuable form of exercise was introduced in our midst. That was in the "long ago," when the old Fourth street building served as a primary, grammar and high school for most of the community. At that time there came into the faculty a teacher, young, enthusiastic, radiating health and happiness wherever her glowing cheeks and bright eyes shown. No pupil ever forgot Miss Hefty. She was an inspiration, arousing in all, with whom she came in contact, a desire to do one's best. Apart from her strong personal magnetism in the classroom was her influence on the play ground. Her sincere and helpful interest in boys' sports won their hearts. But it was the girls over whom she pondered most. Sitting on the sidewalk curbs or sauntering four abreast was their sole recreation at

recess. Could they ever be roused to vigorous exercise? She would try basket ball. Ball and baskets were secured and the game suggested. Miss Hefty played basket ball so everybody played basket ball. That was the beginning of the game in Santa Rosa.

The next year this building was ready for occupancy. A gymnasium and basket ball equipment were provided at the girls' own expense. The gymnasium has long ago passed into disuse, but basket ball has kept its place.

Year by year the feeling has grown that the sport was a valuable one. In the beginning, it was played simply at recesses as a means of enjoying outdoor exercise. As time passed on, the play became organized, teams selected, and contests with other schools held. A year ago a basket ball cup was the parting gift of a graduate who wished in this way to express their interpretation of what education should mean, a physical as well as a mental training.

In these days when our nation is guided by the strenuous leader whose active and assertive manner has aroused universal admiration, the American people recognize value of an athlete's arm raised to aid a statesman's brain. It requires brawn as well as brains to control the "big stick."

So it is that in all educational institutions there has come a recognition of the need for physical perfection for effective mentality. In our own midst we have a long fostered track athletics, football, or baseball among the boys and basket ball among the girls, though the last named is by no means exclusively a girls' game, since even Stanford is considering a basket ball team among her men, yet it is one that is particularly beneficial to girls.

Played in the open air as it is among us, this is a most healthful sport. Of course there is much to be said on both sides. Basket ball, as well as everything in life, may be carried to an excess that will prove injurious.

Played as it should be, it is a benefit to muscles, head, lungs and brain. Played as it should not be it is an injury to muscles, head, lungs and brain.

The vigorous, healthful exercise in the open air is not the sole benefit to be derived. A cool head and a generous spirit are not the least of the good results of team work. The self control requisite to secure strong and effective work on the field goes far toward uprooting selfishness. To learn to relinquish an opportunity to achieve personal success for the success of the team is to learn one of the best lessons any school can teach. But better than all, is to meet defeat in a brave and honest fashion, to be generous and noble enough to acknowledge superior opponents and to refrain from comparisons and excuses that belittle one. Best of all is to be able to stand success—to accept no praises save for those of merit—to be conscious that basket ball is not ing for the purpose of securing victories, but for health giving exercise and higher development. If any girl, not physically disabled, were to devote from ten to twenty minutes twice a week upon the basket ball field there would be fewer victims of headaches, nervousness and lethargy.



RLR 05



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

The Basketball Team

In spite of the fact that the number of girls who are taking a lively interest in basket ball this term is rather small, we have reason to hope that the team taken from this "faithful few" will be one of which the school will be proud.

The girls have been practicing steadily since the first of the term, and are looking forward to the expected games with great eagerness.

Those who are trying for the team are Edna McNab, Nellie Griffith, Dorothy Shelton, Abigail Clary, Mabel Ware, Mayme Rader, Ruth Overman, Leila Grove, Lois Elmore, Edith McNab, Anna Wheeler, Ruth Elmore, Helen Johnson, Hilda Lawrence, Irene Warboys and Alma Cromwell.

Saturday, October 28th, we went to Vallejo to play our first game of the season. The members of the team were Nellie Griffith and Edna McNab, goals; Mayme Rader, Dorothy Shelton and Ruth Overman, centers; Mabel Ware and Abigail Clary, guards; and Leila Grove and Edith McNab, substitutes.

The game was played at 2 o'clock out of doors, and although the field was rather slanting, our girls took to it easily and the game was a rapid one. Our goals deserve praise for their work. Nellie Griffith made ten points, and Edna McNab made eight. Vallejo made no field throws, but won two points through the brilliant free throws of Miss Mabel Nesbitt.

Our girls made many pleasant acquaintances at Vallejo, and are anxious to play the return game with their team, not only for the game itself, but to see again their new friends.

One thing particularly praiseworthy in the Vallejo team, and that was the graceful way in which they took their defeat. They cheered for our girls and congratu-

lated them in a way that made us certain that there were no hard feelings caused by our victory.

On Saturday, November 4th, the team went to San Rafael and played the team of that city. The team reached San Rafael about 9:30 and after a walk through the new park, repaired to Armory Hall, where the game was called at 11 o'clock. The opening play was a brilliant one, the ball being passed from the center, Mamie Rader, to Ruth Overman; then to Nellie Griffith and straight into the basket.

At the end of the first half the score stood 12 to 9 in favor of Santa Rosa. This was increased in the second half to 20 to 18, with Santa Rosa still in the lead.

The girls were entertained at lunch and afterwards were driven out to witness a football game between the Hitchcock and Mt. Tamalpais Military Academies. After a trip to the top of the tower of Hotel Rafael, the team, tired and happy, took the train for home.

Miss O'Meara being unable to accompany the team, Miss Agnes Clary chaperoned the girls and acted as umpire.

Upon looking over the list of girls who are practicing, it is seen that ten of them are freshmen. The first year has in it material for a very strong future team and if they practice as they have started out to do, they are sure to make a showing in the inter-class games next spring.

On the whole, the girls feel greatly encouraged over basket ball this term and will do as much as is in their power to increase the glory of the Orange and Black.

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Football

The game of football never fails to secure its annual crop of extreme devotees. There is such fascination in it that the players are attacked by a real football fever. To these active participants it seems as if nothing else should be classified in the same list with football. They are sure no other sport can equal it for the training of endurance and hardihood, and that it is superior to all others in the opportunities it offers for the development of skill and the application of keenly organized team work. There surely must be truth in the claims set up by the supporters of this pastime, else there would not be this annual increase of new advocates.

The opposition to the game has never been able to gather any considerable support as long as their efforts were directed at the game itself. The value of it in offering opportunities for developing sturdiness of physique and of character has been continually attested by the best authorities on football, as well as by the trainers of the physical and moral man.

The particular objections to the game which have been able to attract any notice are those relating to the injuries which result from the game and those which come from spectators because of the uninteresting mass play from the spectator's point of view. It is only the modern game that has so drifted to the mass play. New rules which would abolish this would remedy both these difficulties most frequently criticised. Some such modification would make the game a far more satisfactory high school game. The game itself contains in it the elements which appeal to a strong, active, restless youth, and his high spirits receive in it the exercise they must have in some more dangerous and harmful manner if denied this indulgence.



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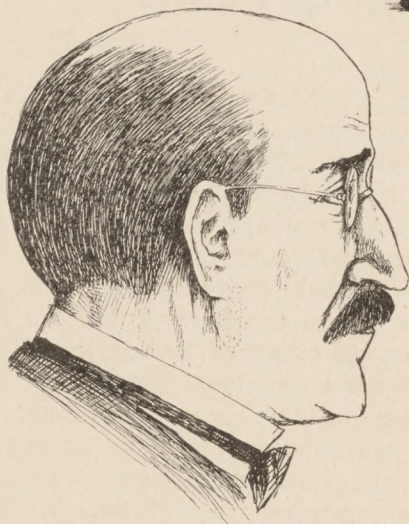


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PROFESSOR CHARLES T. CONGER IN SOME OF HIS FAVORITE ATTITUDES

The Football Team

This year the football team has met with a series of misfortunes, but in spite of all difficulties, there are indications of a first class team.

In the first place the A. A. L. took place one week later than usual this year, making our football season that much later. The lateness of the rain also made practicing any sooner impracticable. MacQuiddy broke his nose at the first of the season, putting him out of the game, and Lambert injured his knee, which made him unable to play. He gave good promise of making an excellent half back, so that was a severe loss. Wilson, who has starred at half back for the past two years, has decided that track athletics is all that he is able to participate in without running a risk of breaking down, and while the team regrets his loss, they nevertheless consider that he is justified in the stand which he has taken. Notwithstanding all of the misfortunes, we have managed to obtain a good team, as was demonstrated by the game at Healdsburg on November 4th.

The Healdsburg game was one of the most sportsmanlike games the High School has ever played, and the strangest part of it was that the game was refereed by Kinley, the Healdsburg coach, and umpired by Luce, an old Healdsburg player.

The ball was kicked off by Healdsburg; we got it and were downed on our twenty-yard line. We then lined up and rushed the ball down the field to Healdsburg's twenty-five yard line. Here Hitchcock understood the referee to call the second down instead of the third, so he gave

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the signal for an end run, which failed to make the yards, and we lost the ball.

Healdsburg was forced to kick, Hitchcock missed the ball for the first time in his football career, a very excusable accident, as the ball was not of the regulation size and weight, and the sun was also in his eyes. Healdsburg fell on the ball twenty yards from our goal and after a few minutes' playing, pushed it over the line and made a touchdown. However, they failed to kick the goal.

The ball was again kicked off to us. We bucked down the field for twenty yards, when Dickson was given the ball and with perfect interference made a beautiful run around the end and made a touch down. The goal was then kicked and the first half ended with a score of 6 to 5 in our favor.

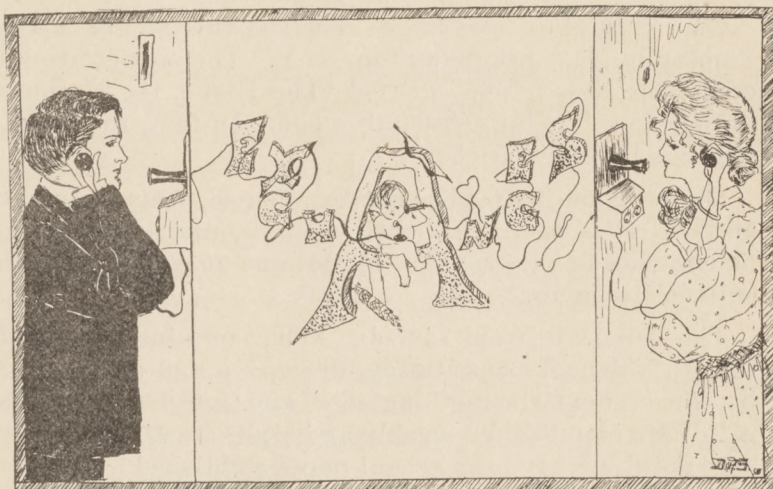
In the second half we played better ball at every down, stopping the bucks and getting end runs behind the line. The half ended with the ball in our possession in the middle of the field.

Some of the new players who did good work were Haskins, Dickson, Wright, Tremper and Purcell. Gardiner was brought back to full and bucked a few times, showing his capability, but lacked practice in that position.

We expect to play a game with the Berkeley sub-freshmen a week from Saturday and will probably play the team from the Deaf and Dumb Institute on Thanksgiving Day. There will probably be games with Tamalpais, Napa and Hitchcock's Military Academy.

The captain takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to members of the Alumni and others who have devoted much of their time, both in this year and in recent years, to the advancement of football interests.

R. C. Moodey
Fall Styles in Shoes



Our friends of the Panorama have favored us with their opinion of the object of an exchange department, suggesting that we discontinue the criticism of other papers and mention their contents only when something particularly good attracts our attention. We disagree with their unconsciously expressed criticism and, believing that the interchange of opinions between school papers is received in the right spirit, we think that good may be derived from the so-called faultfinding, rather than evil.

Football players will find an interesting story in the August issue of the Red and White from Vallejo, entitled, "Anything For the College."

The Occidental has changed its rules and will now be published weekly. The first issue is very good.

Paul T. Hahman, Ph. D.

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One of the best exchanges received this month is the Panorama from Binghampton, N. Y. The stories are all creditable, the article entitled "The Home, the Nation's Cornerstone," being especially good. In fact, the whole paper is beyond criticism.

We welcome with pleasure the Tripod, from far-away Maine. It is small, but well written, and its only deficiency lies in the fact that it contains no school jokes to enliven its pages.

The Advocate from Lincoln, Neb., contains a copy of the High School Constitution, drawn up and established by the students, something new and interesting. The Advocate is published weekly and styles itself, "The only successful weekly high school paper published."

A very pretty and appropriate cover design distinguishes the Skirmisher of San Mateo. The article, "Some Chinese Sweetmeats," is humorous, and shows remarkable descriptive ability; the paper ought to have more of its kind. There are quite a number of "joshes," but all are rather vague.

We received the June commencement number of the Cardinal and White this month. Particular mention must be made of its splendid illustrations. Besides having the usual pictures that accompany commencement numbers, the paper is made attractive by suggestive cuts, illustrating each different department.

We congratulate the Mastick Grammar School on its successful paper. The October number of the Arrow contains three good stories, written by Japanese boys who have been in this country less than two years.

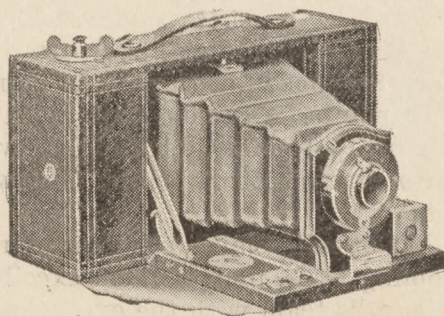
Especial credit is due the Oriole. All its material is arranged so that nothing can escape the eye; even the jokes are intermingled with the advertisements in such an ingenious manner that in looking for the humorous one involuntary turns to the practical. Every high school stu-

dent should read the editor's article, "Help," and be profited by it.

The Lowell appears in its usual good form. It has a large number of interesting, original stories and other articles worthy of mention. The cover design, representing an athlete, shows artistic taste.

The October number of the Aegis is devoted to athletics. Besides the comments and general news relating to the athletics of the school, it contains some very clever and amusing cuts and three interesting stories on the subject.

In addition to the exchanges mentioned, we have received the Manzanita, Dictum Est, Tahoma, Lincoln Academy News, Normal Pennant, Girls' High Journal and High School Forum.



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The A. A. L.

On October 21st the track team, accompanied by about sixty enthusiastic students and members of the faculty, went to Berkeley to participate in the A. A. L. We did not go down expecting to win and consequently we were not disappointed with the result.

Never in the history of the A. A. L. was a field day so closely contested, for if Lowell, Oakland or Santa Rosa could have won the relay, it meant the victory for them. This shows how much the relay means. Oakland won the relay, with Lick second, Santa Rosa third and Lowell fourth. Although we were leading Lowell by at least fifty yards, we were disqualified because our man was charged with getting out of the way of the Lowell man. Thus we were thrown into third place instead of second, which rightly belonged to us. Oakland won the field day with 24 points, Lowell second with 16 points, Santa Rosa third with 14 1-3 points, San Jose fourth with 14 points, Berkeley fifth with 12 points, Alameda sixth with 11 points, Ukiah seventh with 10 points, Lick eighth with 9 1-3 points, Palo Alto ninth with 8 points, Gogswell tenth with 4 1-3 points.

Next spring with McConnell, Smith, Youker, Gray, Lambert and Weir coming back, four of them excellent relay men, and all this fall's team with the exception of Taylor, whose place will be ably filled by Dignan, we should win. Hitchcock should have won the pole vault. Having injured his arm early in the event, he was unable to vault in his best form, but succeeded in tying for second. Dignan showed up in splendid form, capturing

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second in the shot and third in the high hurdles. Loughery ran a good race in the half, but was unable to place. Jacobs and R. Press Smith won their heats in the 220 yard hurdles, but did not run them fast enough to qualify for the finals.

In the mile Giles Briggs ran a gritty race and deserves as much credit as any man on the team. Wilson succeeded in getting second in the quarter. Taylor won first in the shot put and third in the hammer throw, making more points than any man on the team. Purrington and Bovenizer ran good relays and will make good men next spring. In the high jump Proctor placed fourth, being but one inch behind the three men who tied for first. Our manager, Russell Smith, was unable to come on account of a dislocated knee.



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JOSHES

Miss Young: What is the use of cartilage in our ears?

Pupil: So we can wiggle 'em.

Mr. C. (Hist. IV.): Miss Slusser, will you indicate the most important rights of the Englishmen.

Miss S.: Marriage rites.

Mr. R.: Mr. Conger just instructed me to walk on the palms of my feet.

Mayme (on the way home from Vallejo): Won't we raise Ned at Kenwood?

We always laugh at a teacher's jokes,
No matter how bad they may be;
Not because they are really funny jokes,
But because it's policy.

—Ex.

R. (Physiology II): Where shall we get the human blood to study?

M.: Out of a toad, I suppose.

Miss Wood (calling roll in Algy. b): : Shirley!

S. (very much disgusted): None of 'em come out right!

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Teacher: Fools sometimes ask questions that wise people cannot answer.

Pupil: I guess that is why so many of us flunk in examination.—Ex.

When a girl tells a fellow she needs something around her, she doesn't necessarily mean a shawl..

Miss Y. (Biol. 1b): Do fish breath?

Smarty: No, they just drink water.

To prove that a cat has two tails: Given, a cat and no cat. To prove a cat has three tails, no cat has two tails; a cat has one tail more than no cat, hence, a cat has three tails.—Ex.



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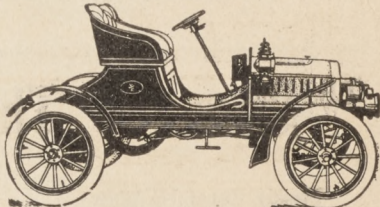
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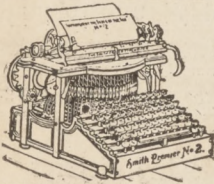
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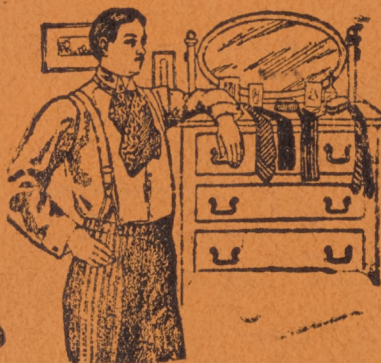
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